

THE DAILY HERALD.

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EVENTS AND COMMENTS.

THAT GREAT American institution, the bald head, has been treated with the greatest respect in the far East. An Afghan lady recently applied to the Ameer Abdul Rahman, for a separation from her husband on the ground that he was becoming bald. The Ameer, recognizing the importance, it is thought, of vindicating the sanctity of the domestic, as well as the governmental authority, decided, after due reflection upon the demoralizing tendency of feminine disrespect for intellect at men, to make an example of the presumptuous plaintiff. His first step was to order a vial of sour milk to be poured on the husband's head whether as an invigorator, or 'tonic' the Eastern journalist does not say. Then, abandoning curative for punitive measures, the Ameer next commanded the wife to lick the milk off with her tongue, and when that was done, and the husband's head shone like a billiard ball, his Highness directed that the unsympathetic woman be "placed on the back of a donkey, with her face to the tail, and thus be forced to ride through the bazar."

The Ameer is entitled to the thanks of the great American public.

WILL THE business men of Utah please stop for one moment and consider how much damage was done to their interests in Utah by the recent publication in the *Leadville Chronicle*, from which paper they naturally found their way into other papers, of the infamous statements made by J. M. Goodwin, one of the "American gentlemen" connected with the *Salt Lake Tribune*? Is it not about time that some one took this matter in hand? Can the business men—the gentle business men—afford to have such dime-novel yarns scattered broadcast over the land? Is it not about time that the pirates, who stop at nothing to further their own nefarious schemes, were called to account and given to understand that this kind of thing had gone on long enough?

An exchange is authority of the statement that: "In almost every case where a man has fallen in love with a girl dressed in a bathing suit and afterwards married her a divorce has followed within two years." This seems preposterous to a degree. If anyone can love a girl dressed in a bathing suit, to an extent to warrant his marrying her, he should certainly love her to distraction under ordinary circumstances.

Or course St. John was beaten; any body knew he would be. How badly he must feel! And the worst of it, all is that he is not in a position where he can "brace up" like any of the others who "got left." If he wants to run again in 1885, he should be consistent, and to be consistent, he must go four long and weary years with even a claret-punch or a whisky sour. It is terrible!

SOME ONE, no doubt, imagined he had made a brilliant point when he said: "No doubt, it takes pluck for a man of modest fortune to ask a rich woman to marry him." He might have finished the subject by adding: But the amount of pluck necessary to ask the question is not a tithe as compared with the amount of pluck necessary to bear up under a refusal.

"IS LIFE Worth Living?" the latest subject before a country debating club, was decided in the negative. Astonishment was great, until it was discovered that the wife of one of the negative speakers had presented him with triples a few days before. This, no doubt, accounted for his eloquence.

At a recent Sunday-school meeting in Chicago a long-winded clergyman consumed too much of the time with a wordy address. When he sat down, the leader of the meeting unwittingly announced the hymn beginning "Hallelujah! 'tis done!"—*Wicked Exchange*.

THE NEW ORLEANS *Pionye* made a good point when it said: "Newspaper reporters will always be found fault with until they can write up an account of a street fight that will please the man who gets licked." Yes, but in case the reporter gets the licking, how can he fix it up then?

EIGHT YEARS ago the *Tribune* changed politics in a night. Look out for another boy!

Isn't it about time for the *Tribune* to change politics?

For Cool Weather
We are now ready to supply you and your boys with our handsome Suits and Overcoats. Suitable for this season. Our stock has never before been so large, our designs are the handsomest ever seen, and in artistic fit and durable workmanship we eclipse all competition. Call early and procure the choicest patterns.
GOLDSMITH & Co.,
Clothing.

FASHION AND GOSSIP.

And Other Matters of a Serious Nature.

WHERE THE MODEL WIVES ARE.

Fashion's Fancies—Rich Women of America—Gum Drops—"Absence—A Fonder Heart."

Gum Drops.

The young lady arrayed in a green suit, with a verdant "lover," said she was all in style, for her "muff" matched her costume.

The King of Siam is reported to have 23 children. Fathers with only six or seven had better stop howling about having too many babies up and down at night.

A Boston coachman fell heir to \$1,750,000 the other day, and cruel parent who prevented their daughters from eloping with him are committing suicide right and left.

A fashion paper says: "The new undershirt pretends to be full when it really is not." In this respect it differs somewhat from a man. The latter pretends not to be full when he really is.—*Ex.*

The Long Island postmaster who is short \$1,400 in his accounts says his wife wanted diamonds and a family carriage so bad that he couldn't bear to disappoint her. She wears the diamonds when she visits him in jail.

A New York boarding-house keeper has committed suicide. By some awful mistake she served up a tenderloin steak which her boarders were able to eat, and the frightful deed so weighed upon her conscience that she made away with herself. Poor thing!

When the festive camp-meeting is at its summer height, there is more bustle than bible about it, and the average young lady, penitent, is far more likely to be acquainted with the shady walks around the grounds than she is with the disputed passage in the gut-edge book which she carries around with her.

She is as old as her husband, but she conceals the dreadful fact. She said one day: "My husband is 40. There is just two years difference between him and myself." And the friend was mean enough to reply: "Is that possible? Why, I declare to gracious, you look to be as young as he is." They do not speak now.

PATIENT—Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me.
Doctor (after feeling her pulse): There is nothing the matter, madame. All you need is rest.

P— No, aren't you mistaken, Doctor? Please study my case carefully. Just look at my tongue.

D— That needs rest, too.—*Ex.*

A Lee avenue lady asks if we can give her any hints for in-door decoration. Yes, we can. Always have your hair nicely combed, a clean collar or ruffling on your neck, your dress tidy and every thing in place. Then ask your husband what he thinks of your decorations. Ten to one your home will have more sunshine in it than the palaces of kings.—*Ex.*

"Oh, doctor!" she cried, in a spasm of fear. "Come, fly as you never flew before. Else, ere you can save him, my poor little dot."

The borders of death will cross or er! He shivered not his speed till he entered her door. Where he found a remarkable group—six ladies, with tear-dampened faces, hung over a pug-dog with symptoms of eroup.

Fashion's Fancies.

A Paris caprice is to lace cream velvet evening bonnets with sealskin. Small flowers are strung on cords, and used as fringes on ball dresses of tulle, crepe and silk.

As the season advances, ostrich feathers grow more popular, owing to their universal becomingness.

Merino hosiery, in plain colors matching tone for tone all the shades in vogue for fall, promises to be popular. Pinch gloves have been introduced as a probable rival to the Jersey cashmere style so much worn last season.

Chinese primroses form a pretty decoration for this season. They bloom all winter, in return for very little attention.

Muffs to match the costume are trimmed with three tips and a low, a pug's head in metal, or a large outspread bird.

Boys of four years wear a plaid kilt skirt, plain cutaway sacque over a similar vest which is plaited, and held by a strap and buckle.

Ladies' satchels are in plush, velvet or leather, both plain and ornamental, in the bellows style, and much larger than those of last season.

Colored Canton flannel is used for serviceable house-dresses for little girls, a kilt skirt and loose blouse being the most appropriate model.

Fashionable leather articles are preferred in dark shades, with pressed figures in repousse work; corners and clasps of brass or nickel are the most stylish.

A new design for boys' cuffs buttons consists of a twisted knot of large gold wire on one end of the link, and a small square block upon which the name is engraved on the other.

Rich Ladies of America.

The United States contains a great many wealthy women, writes "Carp" in the *Cleveland Leader*. Henry E. Packard's sister owns a life interest in 100,000 shares of the Lehigh Valley railroad, the dividends of which amount to \$700,000 annually. Mrs. A. R. Allen, of St. Louis, pays taxes on \$1,197,000, and Miss Bernice Morrison, of the same city, is taxed at \$94,900. There is a cattle queen named Rogers, near Corpus Christi, Texas, who owns 40,000 cattle, and is worth over \$1,000,000. She is the financial agent of the ranch, keeps the pocket book and oversees the stock, while she sends her second husband to the Texas legislature. Catharine Wolfe, of New York, the daughter of old Peter Wolfe, who married Lorillard's two sisters and got a \$1,000,000 with each of them, has as income of \$500,000 a year, and she owns real estate to about 6,000,000. Like Mrs. Rogers, of Texas, she is about it.

30 years old, and plain in all her habits she is single, too, and lives all alone in a big house on Madison avenue and twenty-fourth street, New York. It is said that she was engaged to be married years ago, but that her affianced died a few days before the day fixed for the wedding. Mrs. Wm. Astor is worth \$1,000,000, and Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, the wife of a mining king, who died one year ago, is said to have assets which will foot up \$8,000,000. Mrs. A. Stewart has a princely income no doubt. Mrs. G. Russell is said to contest with Mrs. Garrett the reputation of being the richest unmarried woman in the country, and England's wealthiest heiress, I see, is a Miss Hamilton, who has large estates in Scotland and an income of somewhere near \$500,000 a year.

The Model Wife.

Scripture and history and poetry vie with one another in sounding the praises of the model wife. The man who is blessed with a companion worthy the name of a model wife can snap his finger, in the faces of all the old bachelors that ever breathed and give them points each day in every exalted pleasure that makes life worth living. There is no danger of his applying for a divorce.

Unfortunately for the married men of this generation, the model wives are almost all dead. The struggle for existence was too much for them. The ceaseless, silent self-sacrifice needed to build up a model domestic character could only be met and borne as long as there was any appreciation of the personal laws of duty that underlie all sorts of ideal existence. The men who appreciated model wives and were in return willing to be model husbands, were so few that the good wives, that is, the model wives, grew discouraged and took to their graves, or some more congenial occupation.

The few model wives that are left are cherished by their husbands beyond even their cigars or their horses. The model wife of the workman, clerk, or even a business man has some appreciation of the ten thousand little labors, petty cares and annoyances that her husband has to go through each day in his workshop or office. She considers that such worrying cares are a part of the duties by which her husband makes a living for himself, for her and for the children, if there are any. And when the husband comes home from his work, tired, perhaps cross, and hungry and out of sorts she is always ready to meet him with some quiet and gentle good cheer, her own person is attractive and restful to him. She always had some pleasant scheme in mind to make his home hours delightful to him, and so make herself indispensable and a constant joy.

The model wife does not see how many poor and silly or exacting things she can say to her tired husband. If she has anything to ask she waits until he is rested and fed. She invites pleasant people to her home, not to show how many rich things she has, but to make her husband's home hours pass cheerfully. She knows that if she is half a woman no other can displace her in her husband's affections. She is always more attractive in her manners to her husband than to other men. She is the genius of the household. But, unfortunately, most of them are dead.—*Philadelphia Times*.

ABSENCE—"A FONDER HEART."

It was in the early summer when my love and I first parted. She the seaside sought and left me in the city broken-hearted. I to swelter through the summer, she on seashore shores to wander; But her last words gave me comfort: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

How I loved the little letters that from time to time she sent me—As I read it seemed that they a momentary seethrough sent me—When she wrote of picnics, bathing, yachting trips, then made me ponder: Well the truth of that old saw: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Off she spoke of her admirers—how she made them dance attendance. Made them carry books and baskets and forward their independence. Spoke of one she nicknamed Crows, who on her his wealth would squander; But she added: "Dear old gossamer, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

So I worked away, quite happy, through the brooding summer weather, Longing for the coming autumn, when we'd walk the world together, Though her letters were less frequent, still I very often consoled her. Last week where the postscript told me, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

Powers still were now her letters, and she wrote: "I'm very busy." I expostulated—mildly—with my wayward, "witching Lizzie." Once in re came the same old answer—any other seemed beyond named. "Don't you know, you stupid Willie, 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.'"

One more letter yet she sent me while she at the seashore tarried. Laughing at our "mild flirtation," telling me that she was married. And 'twas thus her note concluded—as I read my face grew yellow— "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—fonder of the other fellow!"—*Century*.

Origin of Ammonia.

Ammonia is obtained in large quantities by the putrefaction of the urine of animals.—*Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Every housekeeper can test baking powder containing this disgusting drug by placing a can of the "Royal" or "Andrews' Pearl" top down on a hot stove until heated, then remove the cover and smell.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Alum, Lime, Potash, Bone Phosphates. It is prepared by a Physician and Chemist with special regard to cleanliness and healthfulness. Prove it by the above test.

SAVE YOURSELVES, COUGHS! HALL'S HONEY OR HORRORS AND TAN prevent bronchitis and consumption. PRICE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute.

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THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

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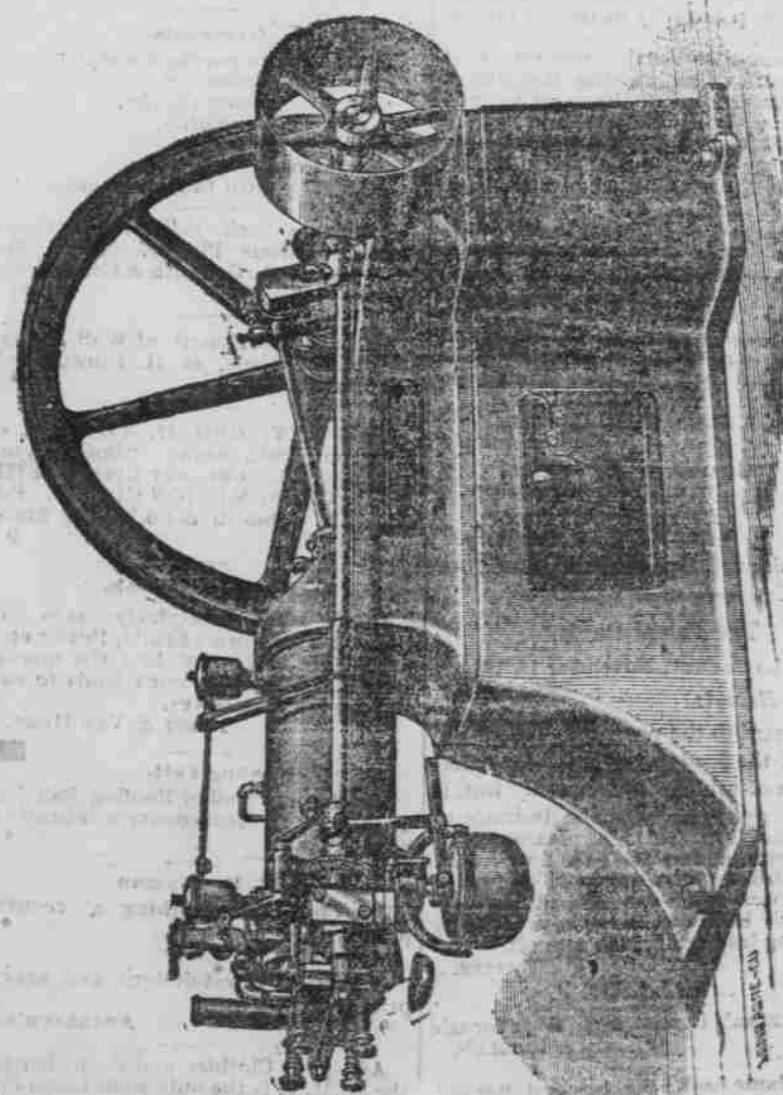
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